Falſtalffe, kinde *Iacke* Falſtalffe, true *Iacke* Falſtalffe, valiant *Iacke* Falſtalffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee, is olde *Iacke* Falſtalffe, baniſh not him thy Harries company, baniſh not him thy Harries company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prince I, do, *I* will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the doore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: *I* haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that Falſtalffe.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O *Ieſu*, my Lord, my Lord!

Prince Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a fiddle ſticke, what's the matter?

Ho. The Sherife and all the watch are at the doore, they are come to ſearch the houſe, ſhall *I* let them in?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare, Hal? neuer call a true piece of gold a counterfet, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prince And thou, a naturall coward without inſtinct.

Fal. *I* deny your Maior, if you will deny the Sherife, ſo, if not, let him enter. If *I* become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: *I* hope *I* ſhall as ſoone bee ſtrangled with a halter as another.

Prin. Goe, hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue: now my maſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which *I* haue had, but their date is out, and therefore ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maſter Sherife, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lorde, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat, as butter.

Prin. The man, *I* doe aſſure you, is not here,
For *I* my ſelfe at this time haue imployd him:

And

And Sherife, *I* will ingage my word to thee,
That *I* will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreat you leaue the houſe.

Sher. *I* will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen
Haue, in this robbery, loſt 300. markes.

Prin. It may beſo: if he haue rob'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is god morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, *I* thinke it be two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prince This oylie raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: goe ca
him forth.

Peto Falſtalfe? faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnortin
like a horſe.

Prince Harke, how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pocket

He ſearcheth his pocket, and findeth certaine papers.

Prince What haſt thou found?

Peto Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince Lets ſee what they be: reade them.

Item, a capon	2.s.ii.d
Item, ſawce	iiii.d
Item, ſacke, two gallons	v.s.viii.d
Item, anchaues and ſacke after ſupper	2.s.vi.d
Item, bread	ob

O monſtrous! but one halfe peniworth of bread to this into
lerable deale of ſacke? what there is elſe, keepe cloſe, weele reac
it at more aduantage: there let him ſleepe till day; ile to the cou
in the morning. We muſt all to the warres, and thy place ſhalb
honorable. *Ile* procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and
know his death will be a march of twelue ſcore; the money ſh
be payd backe againe with aduantage; be with me betimes in th
morning, and ſo good morrow *Peto*.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeun*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure.

An